THE NEXT CHAPTER IN THE
#1 *NEW YORK TIMES* BEST-SELLING EARTH ONE

TEEN TITANS

EARTH ONE

VOLUME ONE

JEFF LEMIRE
TERRY DODSON
RACHEL DODSON
CAM SMITH
BRAD ANDERSON

DC COMICS™

"[Jeff Lemire] is a master storyteller."
— THE ONION/AV CLUB

"Jeff Lemire hasn't just crafted one of the best Teen Titans stories ever, he's also penned one of the best books of the year. Teen Titans Earth One achieves that rarest of comic feats — it honors the core elements that have made these characters so beloved and enduring, while completely reimagining them for a new generation of readers. The book is classic and groundbreakingly new all at once!"
— Scott Snyder

"I always consider it a privilege to read anything Jeff Lemire writes, and Teen Titans Earth One is no exception. He takes the standard Titans concept and spins it in a way that feels very immediate and fresh. All your favorites are here, but they feel new, while still feeling like themselves — no easy feat. Getting almost a hundred and fifty pages of beautiful art from Terry and Rachel Dodson certainly doesn't hurt either. Long story short, I liked it a lot."
— Charles Soule

THEY WERE NORMAL KIDS. UNTIL THEY WEREN'T.

They were just kids with the same problems as anyone. Victor Stone's mother wouldn't stop pushing him to be more than who he is. Tara Markov's mom couldn't tell you a thing about her daughter if her life depended on it. Joey Wilson was drawing further away from his peers every day, into a self-imposed world of silence. And Gar Logan had everything he could want, except the answer to what was happening to him…

…Something that would happen to them all.

In a day, their worlds shattered. Vic's skin became hard as metal. Tara's anger shook the world—literally. Gar began to lose himself in the minds of every passing animal—no longer a boy, but a beast. Worse still, their parents changed. Masks started to slip. The people who claimed to love them… had they been monsters all along? And then the visions began, of a world that was not their own, and a girl who'd lost everything, a girl who needed their help to survive.

They aren't just kids anymore… But what *are* they? *Who* are they?

In the tradition of the #1 *New York Times* bestsellers SUPERMAN: EARTH ONE and BATMAN: EARTH ONE, writer Jeff Lemire and artist Terry Dodson reinvent the most beloved teenage super-team of all time!

dccomics.com

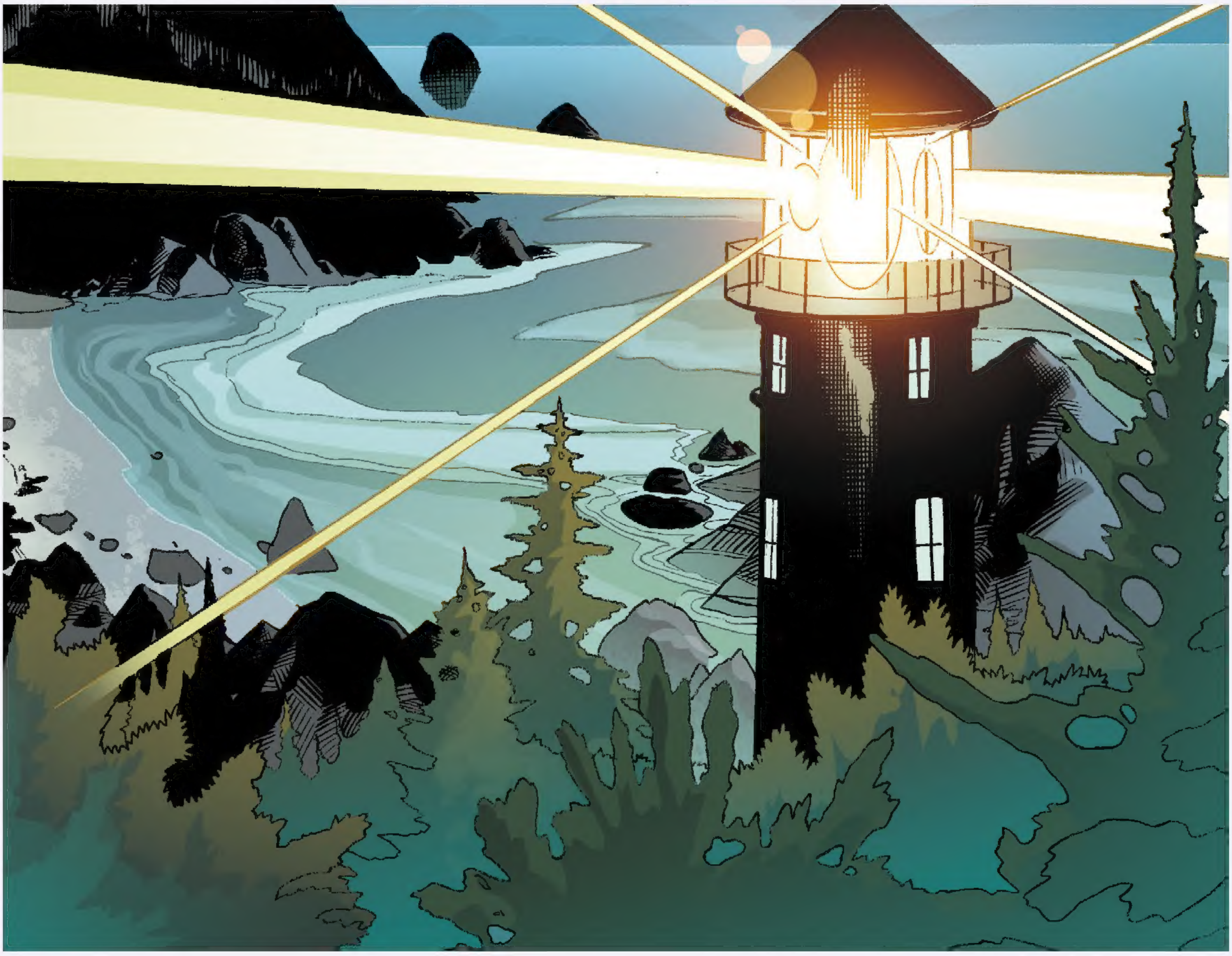
EARTH ONE

Written by **Jeff Lemire** Pencils by **Terry Dodson**

Inks by **Rachel Dodson** with Cam Smith

Colors by **Brad Anderson** with Terry Dodson

Lettered by **Jared K. Fletcher**



Dedicated, with respect and gratitude, to Marv Wolfman and George Pérez
for creating these enduring characters, and for all their work, which made
me fall in love with comics in the first place.
Jeff Lemire

To George Pérez and Marv Wolfman for getting the ball rolling and to the
Editorial and Creative teams for putting it in the net!
Terry and Rachel Dodson

Matt Idelson & **Chris Conroy** Editors
Robbin Brosterman Design Director – Books
Louis Prandi Art Director

Bob Harras Senior VP – Editor-in-Chief, DC Comics

Diane Nelson President
Dan DiDio and **Jim Lee** Co-Publishers
Geoff Johns Chief Creative Officer
Amit Desai Senior VP – Marketing & Franchise Management
Amy Genkins Senior VP – Business & Legal Affairs
Nairi Gardiner Senior VP – Finance
Jeff Boison VP – Publishing Planning
Mark Chiarello VP – Art Direction & Design
John Cunningham VP – Marketing
Terri Cunningham VP – Editorial Administration
Larry Ganem VP – Talent Relations & Services
Alison Gill Senior VP – Manufacturing & Operations
Hank Kanalz Senior VP – Vertigo & Integrated Publishing
Jay Kogan VP – Business & Legal Affairs, Publishing
Jack Mahan VP – Business Affairs, Talent
Nick Napolitano VP – Manufacturing Administration
Sue Pohja VP – Book Sales
Fred Ruiz VP – Manufacturing Operations
Courtney Simmons Senior VP – Publicity
Bob Wayne Senior VP – Sales

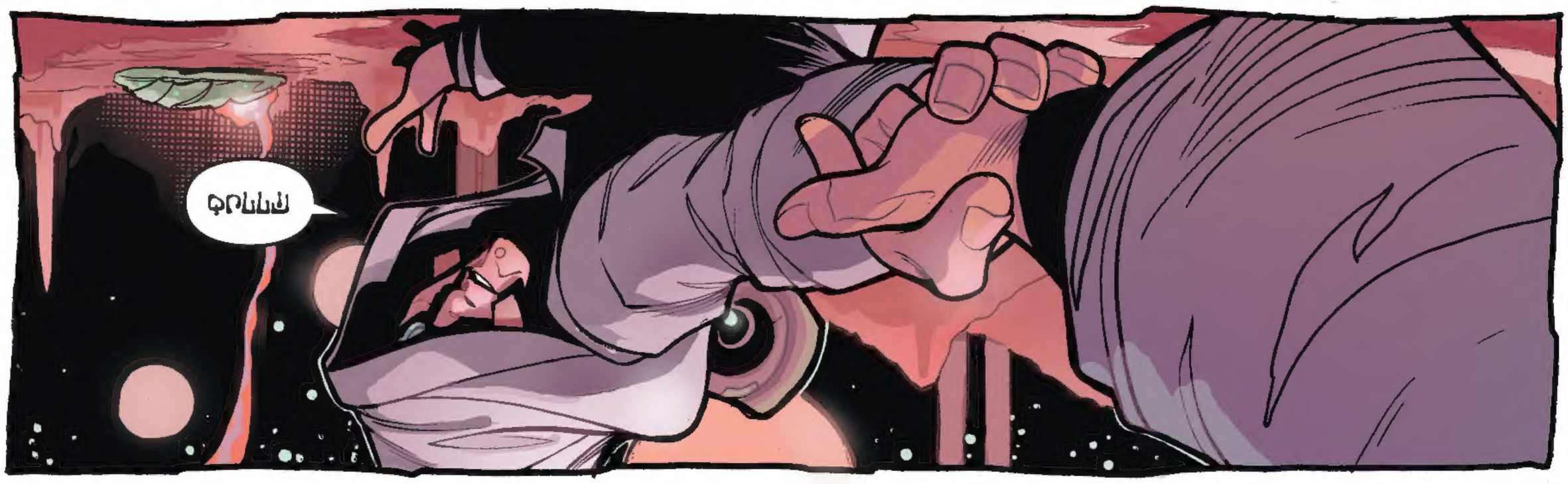
TEEN TITANS: EARTH ONE VOLUME ONE

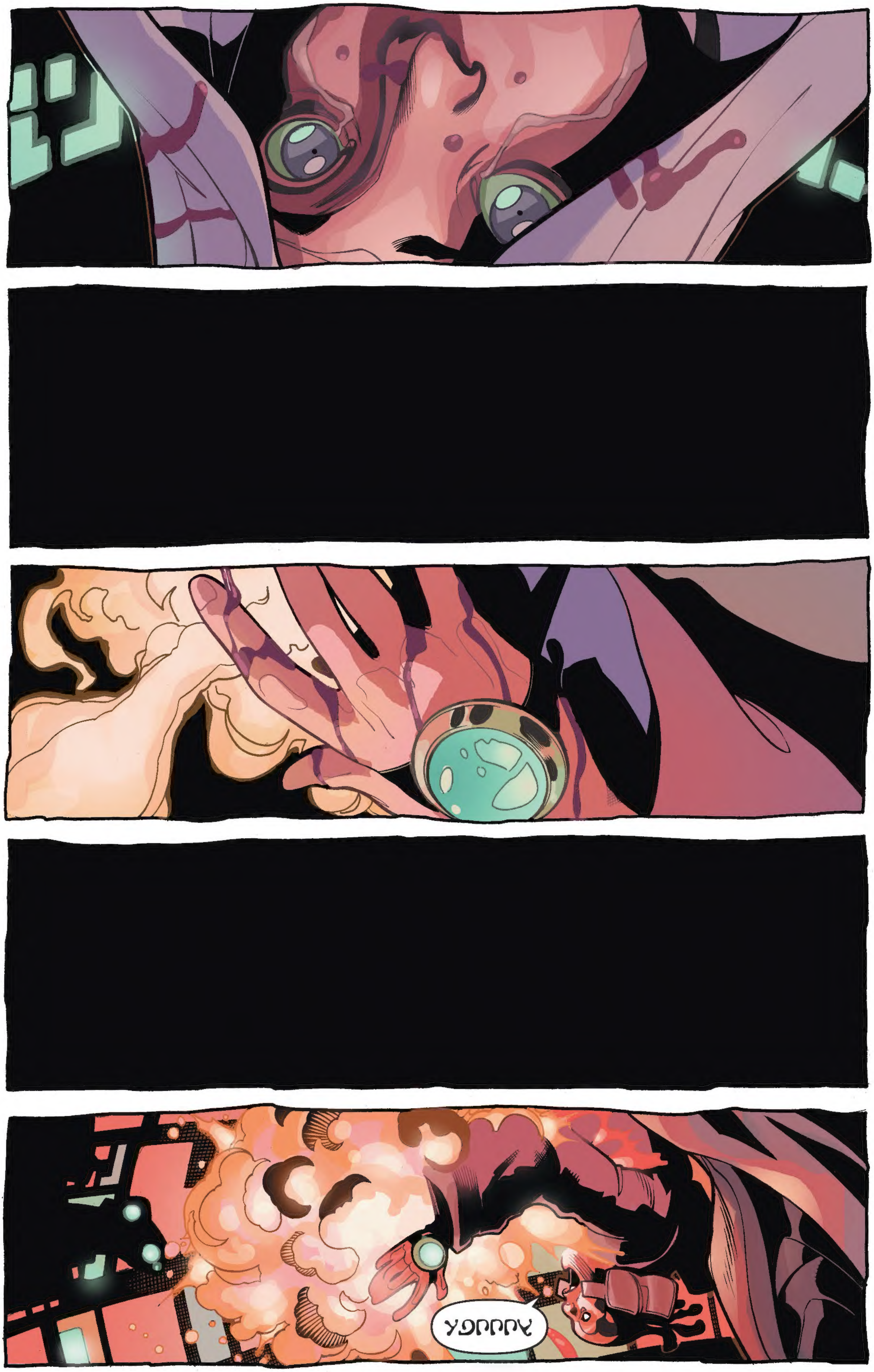
Published by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

Copyright © 2014 by DC Comics. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this publication, the distinctive likenesses thereof and related elements are trademarks of DC Comics.

Printed by RR Donnelley, Salem, VA, USA. 1/2/15
First Printing. DC Comics, a Warner Bros. Entertainment Company.

[redacted]




DADDY

--CAREFUL!

JUST STEP BACK!

TSSSSS

TSSSSSS

OH MY GOD!

GOD, COLONEL WILSON?

THIS IS *FAR MORE IMPORTANT* THAN GOD.

THEY ARE DYING! WE NEED TO *MOVE!*

MARKOV, DAYTON, CAN THE FEMALE STILL BE SAVED?

I--I DON'T THINK SO, ELINORE. I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THEIR PHYSIOLOGY, BUT SHE DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MALE? THAT WOUND WAS *NOT* SUSTAINED IN THE CRASH!

HOLD HER, STEVE!

TRYING--! SHE'S STRONG!

RITA, GET THE CHILD INTO THE ISOLATION TANK!

OH NO, OH NO... THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...

SLADE! GET YOUR TEAM TO START LOADING THE CRAFT ONTO THE TRUCK FOR TRANSPORT BACK TO THE LAB!

OUR SATELLITES ARE ALREADY SHOWING A MILITARY PRESENCE EN ROUTE FROM TACOMA. JUST *MOVE.* WE ASK QUESTIONS LATER.

SLADE...

I-IT'S ONLY A *BABY!*

EASY, RITA...

HOW DO
YOU PLAY
AGAINST AN
OPPONENT

SHHHH

UNGH--

HUURR!

GET AHOLD OF YOURSELF, GIRL.

RAMAH NAVAJO RESERVATION.
NEW MEXICO.

MORNING, RAVEN. WHAT'S WRONG?

OH. HEY, GRANDPA... NOTHING-- I'M OKAY.

COME. SIT WITH YOUR OLD GRANDDAD.

YOU CAN'T LIE TO *ME*, RAVEN. I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR FACE. YOU *DREAMT AGAIN.*

...YEAH. BAD ONE. WHAT DO YOU THINK IT MEANS?

DON'T REALLY MATTER WHAT I THINK. THEY ARE *YOUR* VISIONS, RAVEN.

VISIONS? YOU KNOW I DON'T BELIEVE ALL THAT *OLD NAVAJO STUFF,* GRANDPA!

HUMRPH. I'M AN OLD NAVAJO, GIRL. YOU *SHOULD* BELIEVE ME. I KNOW WHAT'S WHAT. BESIDES... I WAS *LIKE YOU.*

WAS?

VISIONS STOPPED COMING TO ME THE DAY YOU WERE BORN. IT'S *YOUR TURN* NOW.

YEAH, BUT MY TURN FOR WHAT?

I THINK IT WILL BE TIME FOR YOU TO *LEAVE THIS PLACE* SOON. *FOLLOW* THESE DREAMS...

...NO MATTER WHERE THEY TAKE YOU.

Welcome to
MONUMENT, OREGON
"GATEWAY TO THE NORTHWEST"

UGH-- WHAT *TIME* IS IT, TARA?

EIGHT. *YOU* GOT HOME LATE.

WORL
GREA
DA

LATE SHIFT AT THE RESTAURANT. *GIVE* ME THAT!

RESTAURANT CLOSES AT *ELEVEN*, MOM. YOU GOT HOME AFTER *ONE*.

KNOCK IT OFF, TARA.

WELL, CAN I AT LEAST GET A RIDE TO SCHOOL?

SCHOOL? *UGH*--I FORGOT SCHOOL STARTED TODAY.

HONESTLY, TARA, I'M NOT FEELING GREAT. CAN YOU WALK TODAY? I'LL DRIVE YOU TOMORROW, PROMISE.

YEAH, *SURE YOU WILL*. REMEMBER WHEN YOU AND DAD USED TO DRIVE ME TO SCHOOL EVERY DAY?

YEAH, I WONDER WHY...

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

NOTHING.

EVERY TIME YOU WANT TO GET BACK AT ME, YOU BRING UP YOUR FATHER LIKE HE WAS SOME SAINT.

WELL, HE WASN'T. *HE'S* THE ONE WHO *LEFT US*, REMEMBER?

JUST MAKE SURE YOU ACTUALLY *GET* TO SCHOOL TODAY, OKAY?

I DON'T NEED THAT PRINCIPAL CALLING ME EVERY DAY LIKE HE DID LAST YEAR. GOD KNOWS THEY'VE GIVEN YOU ENOUGH CHANCES.

DON'T WORRY, MOM. I WOULDN'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING TO INTERRUPT YOUR *BUSY DAY*.

YOU'RE QUIET THIS MORNING, GAR. NERVOUS?

A LITTLE, YEAH. I MEAN, FIRST DAY OF HIGH SCHOOL IS BAD ENOUGH, BUT THE WHOLE FAST-TRACKING THING--

GAR, IT'S NOT BAD TO BE FAST-TRACKED. BUT I GET IT. YOU'LL BE AT LEAST TWO YEARS YOUNGER THAN THE REST OF THE JUNIORS.

LOOK, YOU'RE A SMART KID, AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO PASS UP OPPORTUNITIES AS THEY COME TO YOU.

BUT AT THE SAME TIME, I NEVER WANT YOU TO FEEL BAD BECAUSE OF YOUR GIFTS.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE. WE CAN JUST PULL YOU OUT AND ENROLL YOU BACK IN NINTH GRADE. IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, I'M TOTALLY COOL WITH THAT.

Cozumel MOTEL

THANKS, STEVE. I APPRECIATE THAT. I DO. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. THIS IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO SKIP TWO GRADES...NOT TO MENTION *MEET OLDER GIRLS.*

THAT'S MY BOY...

BESIDES, THESE KIDS WILL ALL LOVE YOU.

HOW COULD THEY NOT?

I GUESS I'LL FIND OUT. SEE YOU TONIGHT, STEVE.

HAVE A GOOD DAY, GAR. JUST BE *YOURSELF.* LOVE YOU.

LOVE YOU, TOO.

AWW... THAT'S *SO* CUTE.

THERE SHE IS...

HEY, VIC.

YOU DIDN'T CALL LAST NIGHT.

YEAH, DANNY AND I WERE OUT LATE.

SORRY.

WHAT?

NOTHING. IT'S JUST YOU PROMISED YOU'D CALL. AND MY MOM WAS OUT ALL NIGHT AGAIN, DOING GOD KNOWS WHAT.

CRAP, I'M SORRY, TARA. DANNY AND I GOT WASTED AND I GUESS I JUST FORGOT.

IT'S OKAY.

LET'S JUST GET TOGETHER TONIGHT, OKAY? CAN YOU GET YOUR MOM'S CAR?

YEAH. I'LL JUST TAKE IT IF SHE SAYS NO.

COOL.

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL...

HUH?

VICTOR, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU STILL DOING OUT HERE? CLASS STARTS IN TWO MINUTES!

I'M JUST GOING IN, MOM, RELAX.

DO NOT TAKE THAT TONE WITH ME, VICTOR. AND PUT THAT FILTHY THING OUT!

AND YOU, MS. MARKOV... NOT GOING TO BE LATE YOUR FIRST DAY?

NO, MS. STONE. I WAS JUST HEADING IN.

WELL, MAKE SURE YOU DO. WE DON'T WANT A REPEAT OF LAST YEAR, DO WE?

GOD, YOUR MOM IS SUCH A TIGHT-ASS.

UH...YOU OKAY THERE, ITCHY? DID YOU CATCH CRABS OR SOME-THING?

BRIIING

THINK I'M JUST ALLERGIC TO THIS PLACE.

UH HUH... SO TONIGHT, YEAH?

YEAH, TONIGHT. PROMISE.

TARA MARKOV?

MS. MARKOV?

HUH? OH, SORRY. I'M HERE.

SIGH

AND NOW OUR NEW ARRIVALS...

GARFIELD LOGAN?

UM, HERE.

WHOA, WAIT. HOLD ON... GARFIELD?

ARE YOU SERIOUS?

I, UM, ACTUALLY, I USUALLY GO BY JUST GAR.

OH, THAT'S SO MUCH BETTER.

HA-HAHAHA

HOW OLD ARE YOU, ANYWAY? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE TEN. ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT CLASS, GARFIELD?

THAT IS ENOUGH, VICTOR!

UNLIKE YOU, MR. LOGAN ACTUALLY CARES ABOUT HIS FUTURE.

WHAM

HE HAS BEEN FAST-TRACKED FROM EAST MONUMENT JUNIOR HIGH. AND I EXPECT ALL OF YOU TO TREAT HIM WITH RESPECT.

AND THAT REMINDS ME, BEFORE WE CONTINUE, WE DO HAVE ***ONE MORE*** NEW STUDENT THIS YEAR...

JOINING US FROM THE CAULDER ACADEMY IN PORTLAND IS ***JOSEPH WILSON.***

I'VE HAD THE PLEASURE OF WORKING WITH JOSEPH AT LENGTH THIS SUMMER AS PART OF A SPECIAL MENTORING PROGRAM.

JOEY IS ***EXTREMELY*** GIFTED AND I KNOW YOU WILL ALL MAKE HIM FEEL WELCOME AT MONUMENT.

--I'M LIKE, I DON'T *THINK* SO, PAL. NOT GOING TO HAPPEN, YOU KNOW?

YO! EARTH TO VIC!

HUH? OH. SORRY...

IT'S THAT NEW KID. HE WAS HANGING AROUND MY MOM'S OFFICE ALL SUMMER.

YEAH, SEEMED LIKE A FREAK. SO WHAT?

NOTHING. JUST *BUGS* ME, THAT'S ALL.

YOU OKAY?

I DON'T KNOW. KIND OF BEEN FEELING LIKE CRAP ALL MORNING.

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.

--IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, *PLEASE* FEEL FREE TO--

OH, VICTOR! JUST WHO I WANTED TO SEE.

I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO SHOW JOEY AROUND A BIT? HELP HIM SETTLE IN?

NOT NOW, MOM.

VICTOR!

NOT *NOW!*

GASP

YIU UH
SW FTFT FY
HELP.

GAAAAH!

SQUEEEEEEAK

...DUDE?!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKING AT, TWERP!?

I WAS JUST-- ARE YOU OKAY?

IT WAS NOTHING. GOT IT?

YEAH. I--I GOT IT.

UM, WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU? ARE YOU...ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I--

VIC? WHAT IS IT? YOU'RE TOTALLY *FREAKED OUT.*

IT WAS ME. SORRY. TOO MUCH MEXICAN FOOD LAST NIGHT.

THE BIG GUY WALKED RIGHT INTO THE OL' LOGAN TOXIC CLOUD. RIGHT, VIC?

UH, YEAH. RIGHT...

EW. YOU ARE SO *GROSS.*

VIC!

JUST-- *LATER.* OKAY?

WHAT ARE *YOU* LOOKING AT!?

NOTHING. SORRY.

HEY HEY.

SO, HOW *WAS* IT, BUD? FIRST DAY IN GEN POP. YOU SURVIVE?

I GUESS.

YOU *GUESS?* THAT ALL I GET, BUD?

JOEY?

JOE? IS SOMETHING--

NO. I *SAID* I WAS FINE, DAD.

OKAY. SORRY. IT'S JUST THAT I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO GET *OUT* OF PRIVATE SCHOOL. MEET MORE KIDS YOUR OWN AGE.

DID *ELINORE* HELP YOU AT ALL? SHE SAID SHE WOULD BE--

DR. STONE WAS VERY HELPFUL.

BUT THE OTHER KIDS WERE...

THEY WERE JUST SO...*NORMAL.* I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WAS EXPECTING. SOMETHING *MORE,* I GUESS.

HELL, BUD, THAT SOUNDS KIND OF, I DON'T KNOW, *ELITIST* OR SOME-THING.

MAYBE YOU BEEN SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME WITH *ELINORE* AFTER ALL. STARTING TO SOUND LIKE HER.

WELL, AT LEAST DR. STONE CAN ACTUALLY TEACH ME *SOMETHING USEFUL.* INSTEAD OF JUST HOW TO *HUNT* AND PLAY *FOOTBALL.*

I'M GOING FOR A WALK.

TARA-- WAIT...

SHHH...

NO!

WHAT?!

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING *ON* WITH YOU, VIC?!

I'M JUST--

LOOK, I NEED TO TELL YOU SOMETHING. BUT I DON'T WANT YOU TO FREAK OUT. I'M SURE IT'S NOTHING. I JUST--

OKAY, NOW I *AM* FREAKING OUT.

DID YOU-- DID YOU *DO* SOMETHING?

I MEAN, WITH *SOMEONE ELSE?*

NO! NO-- I HAVEN'T BEEN WITH ANYONE ELSE. BUT SOMETHING IS DEFINITELY WRONG. IT--JUST *PROMISE* YOU WON'T FREAK OUT...

WHAT?!

...THIS.

WHA--WHAT IS THAT? WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?

I'M NOT WEARING ANYTHING. I--I THINK IT'S COMING *OUT OF ME.*

SQUIT

OH MY GOD!

HOW...LONG HAS IT BEEN THERE?

I--DON'T KNOW. IT STARTED TODAY...BUT IT'S *GETTING BIGGER.* GROWING.

DON'T--

IT'S--IT'S OKAY...

SQUIT

OH!

I WONDER HOW SHE'S DOING?
AHH!
TAR? DID YOU-- DID YOU SEE HER TOO?
STOP! MAKE IT STOP!
ARRRGGH!
WHAT-- WHAT ARE YOU--
...WHAT WAS THAT?
I--

TARA, WAIT!

DON'T TOUCH ME!

TARA!

--THE HELL?

--SO I TOLD THEM, I'M *NOT* GOING BACK TO THE CITY JUST TO DO THE JOB *YOU* SHOULD BE DOING ANYWAY--YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, RICHARD?

OF COURSE.

I CAN'T COME RUNNING EVERY TIME THE LAB HAS A LITTLE HICCUP--

...GAR? YOU WERE QUIET THIS MORNING AND YOU'RE EVEN *QUIETER* NOW. I USUALLY CAN'T SHUT YOU UP...

I'M FINE. FEELING A LITTLE WEIRD.

DID SOMETHING HAPPEN AT SCHOOL?

NAH. JUST GOT A BIT OF A HEADACHE ALL OF A SUDDEN. I'M *FINE,* STEVE, REALLY.

MOM?

VICTOR? I DIDN'T HEAR THE CAR PULL UP.

WHAT IS IT? YOU DIDN'T HAVE AN ACCIDENT, DID YOU?

NO, MOM. THE *CAR* IS FINE.

WELL, WHAT *IS* IT? I'M QUITE BUSY. DO YOU NEED MONEY AGAIN? BECAUSE I JUST GAVE YOU--

NO, MOM! I DON'T NEED *MONEY!*

THERE'S...

SOMETHING'S *WRONG* WITH ME.

I KNOW THAT, VICTOR. AND I'VE BEEN MEANING TO HAVE A LITTLE *TALK* WITH YOU ABOUT IT.

I AM NOT IMPRESSED WITH THE ATTITUDE YOU SEEM TO HAVE *DEVELOPED* AT SCHOOL.

AND I DO *NOT* LIKE YOU SPENDING SO MUCH TIME WITH TARA MARKOV. THAT GIRL IS--

WELL, THERE ARE THINGS ABOUT HER AND HER *FAMILY* THAT ARE BETTER LEFT--

NO, MOM... *LOOK...*

OH, VICTOR... *FINALLY!*

MOM?

MOM? YOU HOME?

TARA--

=KOFF=

TARA? DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN.

MOM, I...I REALLY NEED TO TALK TO YOU. SOMETHING HAPPENED AND I DON'T KNOW--

MOM-- ARE YOU *DRUNK?*

WHAT? NO...JUST HAVING A COUPLE.

NOW WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAPPENED?

NEVER MIND.

DON'T YOU WALK AWAY FROM ME! THIS IS STILL *MY* HOUSE!

DID YOU EVEN *LEAVE* "YOUR HOUSE" TODAY, MOM?

WHAT'S YOUR *PROBLEM?* IT'S MY *DAY OFF.*

MY PROBLEM IS THAT YOU'RE WASTED AGAIN!

OH, GIVE ME A BREAK. JUST HAVING A DRINK BEFORE DINNER!

YOU'RE JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER... SO DAMNED DRAMATIC!

OH, SO NOW YOU'RE THROWING DAD BACK AT ME? TRYING TO HURT ME? NICE, MOM. REAL NICE! IT COULDN'T BE MORE OBVIOUS WHY HE JUST DISAPPEARED--

YOU STUPID LITTLE BRAT! YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

YOU THINK YOUR FATHER LEFT BECAUSE OF ME? HE HAD TO LEAVE BECAUSE HE COULDN'T KEEP HIS DAMNED MOUTH SHUT!

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?!

...NOTHING... NOTHING.

YOU'RE RIGHT. HE LEFT BECAUSE OF ME. IF YOU WANT TO BELIEVE THAT... IF HATING ME MAKES THINGS EASIER FOR YOU, FINE!

UGH. WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO SLEEP IT OFF--

UNGH!

SMACK

YOU THINK ANY OF THIS WAS *MY CHOICE?!* IT WAS *FORCED* ON ME! I NEVER *WANTED* ANY OF THIS.

I NEVER *WANTED* YOU!

TAKE-- TAKE THAT *BACK.*

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M *GOING* THROUGH! YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME! AND NOW *THIS,* TOO?! YOU LAY *THIS* ON ME?!

RUUHMMB

TARA... STOP IT. I--I'M SORRY...

YOU'RE SORRY?

YOU'RE SORRY?!

RUUHMMBLE

STEVE, I THINK SOMETHING IS--

TARA'S IN TROUBLE.

GAR? WHAT'S WRONG?

PLEASE DON'T BE DEAD YET.

WH--WHAT DID YOU SAY?

AARRGGH!

OH GOD! RICHARD, CALL STONE!

WHEN DID IT START? HOW LONG AGO?

HOW LONG? MOM, LOOK AT ME! WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING TO ME?!

WVTTT WVTTT

VICTOR, I UNDERSTAND THIS MUST BE VERY ALARMING TO YOU. BUT THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR... THIS IS TRULY AMAZING.

I HAD GIVEN UP HOPE... THOUGHT IT DIDN'T WORK.

WH-WHAT ARE YOU--

DID YOU-- DID YOU DO THIS? DID YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME!?

PLEASE, VICTOR. THERE IS SO MUCH TO EXPLAIN, BUT FIRST WE MUST GET YOU TO--

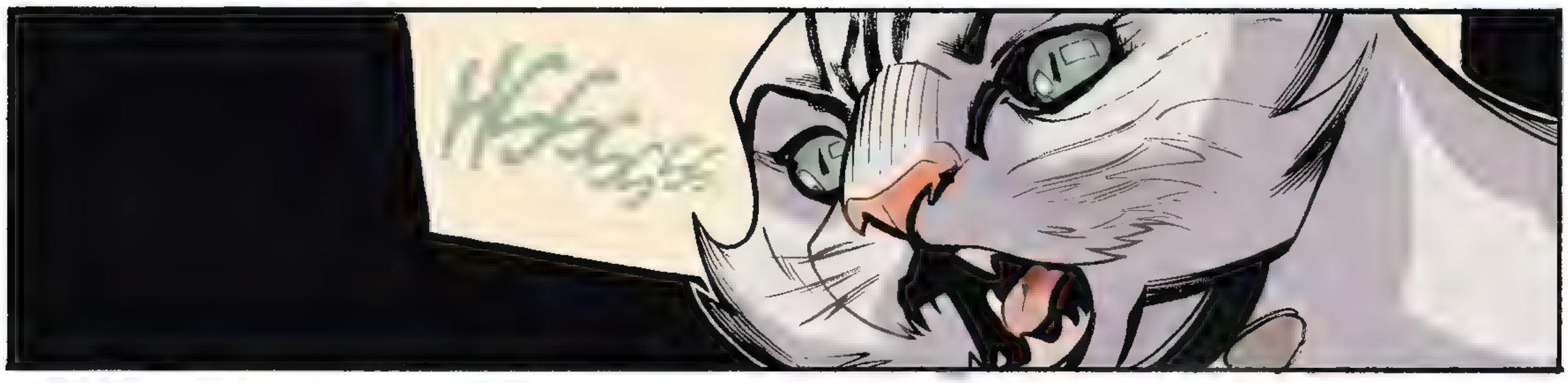
DON'T TOUCH ME!

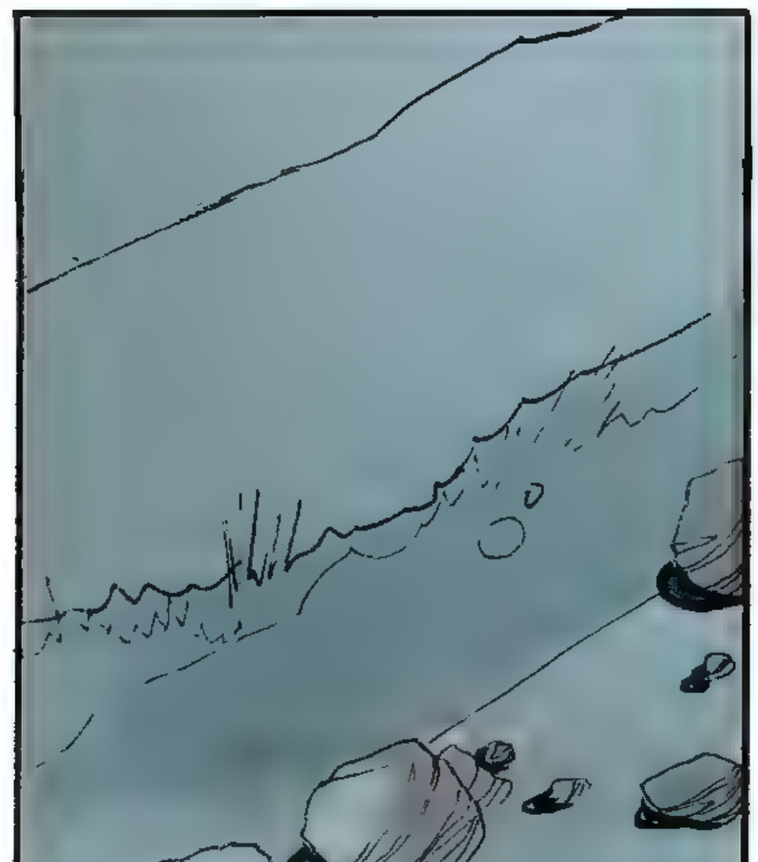
WHAP

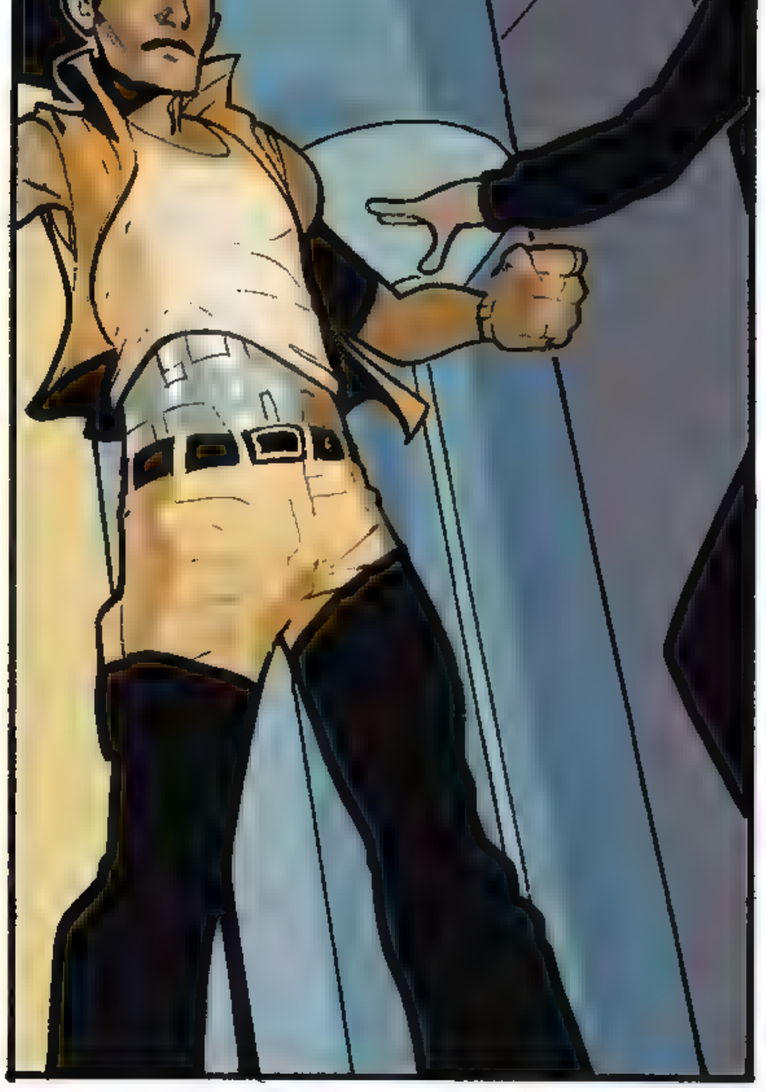
SHE'S NOT PICKING UP--

GAR! GAR, TALK TO ME--

SPLAT!!







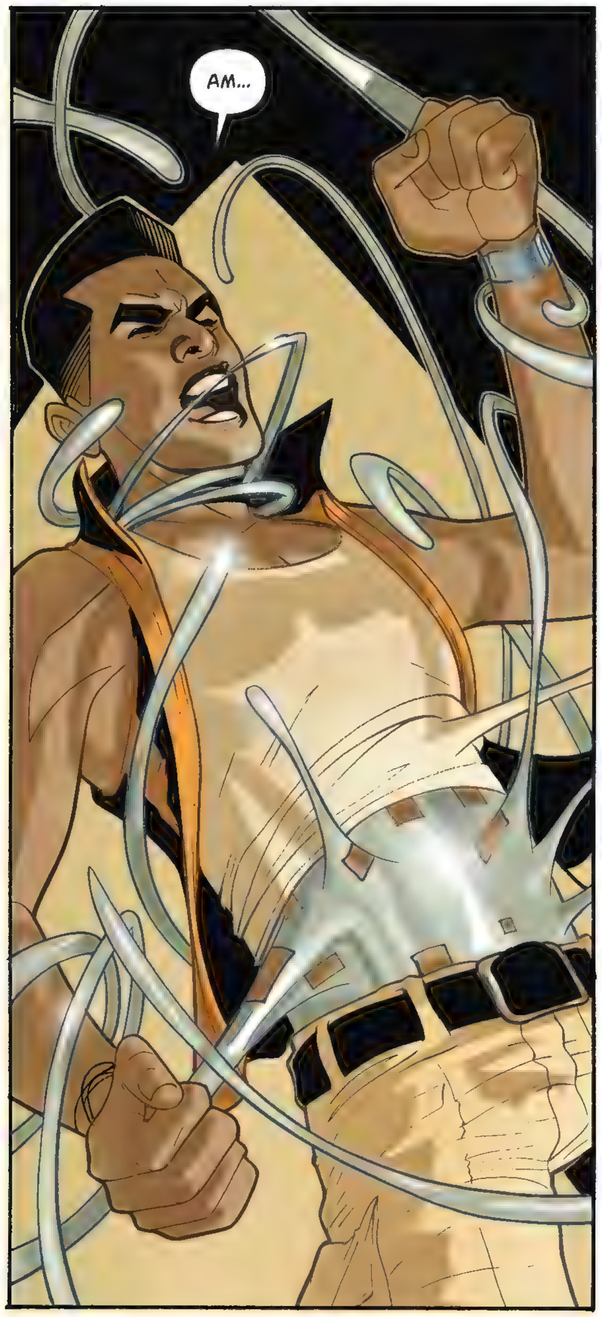
NEED HELP.

NEED HELP.

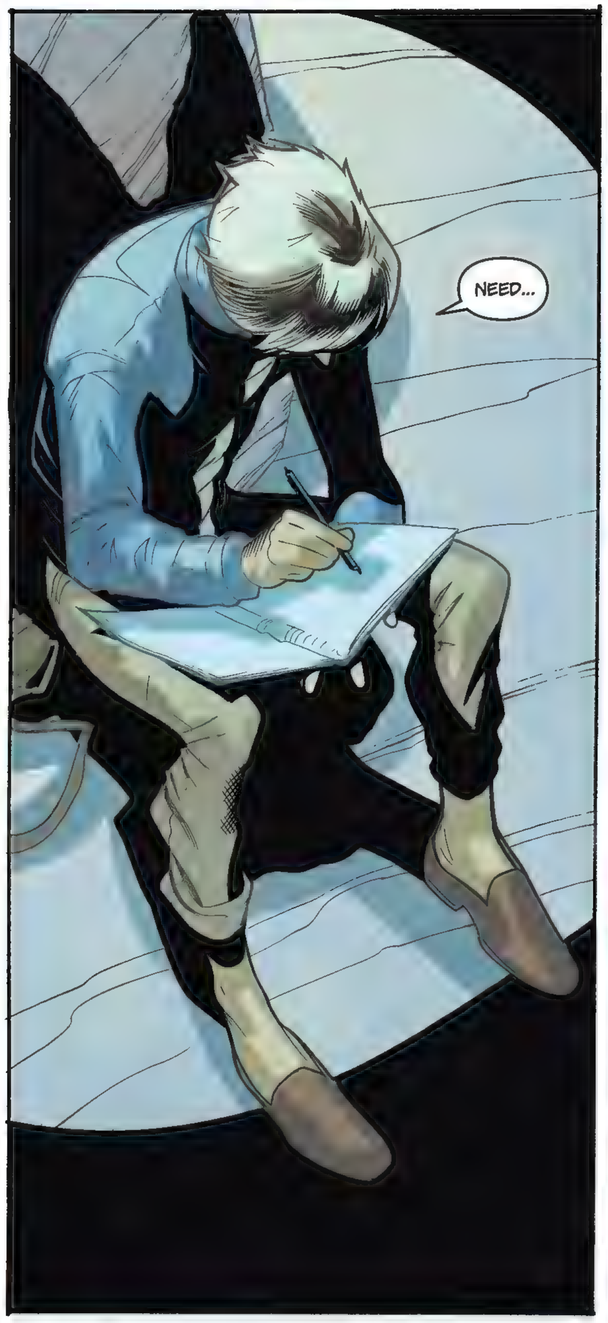
NEED HELP.

NEED HELP.

ANOTHER DEAD ONE


AM...

STARFIRE!


NEED...

HELP!

VICTOR!

AAAAAAAHH!

CRASH

OH NO, STEVE--!

KERRASH

AM STARFIRE...

...NEED HELP.

RSSTTLL

H-HELLO?

--YOU?

TARA?

IT'S *TARA*, RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED?

I--
I--

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING *ON?!*

VIC?!

GET IT *OFF*--
GET IT OFF!

VIC!

T-TARA?!

DON'T TOUCH ME--
SHE DID SOMETHING--
MY MOM *DID* SOMETHING TO ME.

STOP IT, VIC--

NO! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. MY MOM--*SHE DID THIS! I-- I CAN'T GET IT OFF!!*

VIC! *STOP IT!*

I--I'M SCARED, TARA...

I KNOW...

...ME TOO.

VIC, I-- MY MOM-- MY HOUSE--

WHAT? WHAT HAPPENED?

I--I DON'T KNOW. IT--IT WAS LIKE AN *EARTHQUAKE*, OR--THE *GROUND* JUST BURST UP, AND I--

TARA, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I DON'T--

I *DON'T KNOW*, VIC! BUT--I THINK *I DID IT*.

I SAW ALL KINDS OF THINGS...WHEN IT WAS HAPPENING.

OUR PARENTS-- DID THEY DO THIS TO US?

IT'S NOT JUST YOU.

HOLY CRAP!

I SAW IT ALL, TOO... YOU GUYS, THIS PLACE. THE CRASH...

AND, UH... APPARENTLY I'M A CAT NOW.

A GREEN CAT.

WHAT...

...WHAT *ARE* WE?

NEW MEXICO.

THERE ARE FOUR OF THEM?

YES. ABOUT MY AGE. I--I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE, BUT I FEEL LIKE *I KNOW THEM.*

DOES--DOES THAT SOUND CRAZY, GRANDPA?

CRAZY? NO, RAVEN.

NEVER LET ANYONE TELL YOU YOU'RE CRAZY. YOU GOT THAT, GIRL? YOU AIN'T CRAZY. YOU'RE *SPECIAL.*

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

YOU'LL *SEE* WHEN WE GET THERE. TELL ME MORE ABOUT THESE FOUR.

THEY AREN'T MUCH YOUNGER THAN ME. MAYBE JUST A LITTLE.

AND THERE'S ***SOMEONE ELSE,*** TOO. WELL, NOT REALLY A ***PERSON.***

A SPIRIT?

I--I DON'T KNOW ***WHAT*** SHE IS.

ANYWAY...I THINK THEY'RE IN TROUBLE. THESE KIDS.

AND THEY'RE NOT FROM HERE. IT'S SOMEWHERE ELSE. GREENER. NEAR THE WATER.

YOU USED TO BRING ME OUT HERE WHEN I WAS LITTLE, DIDN'T YOU?

YEP. USED TO COME HERE A LOT ***BEFORE*** YOU WERE BORN, TOO...

I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE, RAVEN. ALL THOSE VISIONS SWIMMING IN YOUR HEAD. LIKE A JIGSAW PUZZLE.

SEE, WHEN I USED TO DREAM, I'D COME ***HERE...***

THIS IS WHERE I'D WRITE THEM ALL DOWN.

THIS ONE'S YOU.

YOU WILL BE THE ONE WHO SAVES THEM ALL.

BUT-- BUT HOW?

YOU'LL KNOW WHEN THE TIME COMES, RAVEN.

BUT, IF THE ONES YOU SEE...IF THEY *ARE* IN TROUBLE, THEN I'D SAY THAT TIME IS *COMING SOON.*

ELINORE. WHAT THE HELL *TOOK* YOU SO LONG?

I JUST GOT OFF THE PHONE WITH OUR *EMPLOYER.*

WE NEED TO CONTAIN THIS, QUICKLY, OR HE'S GOING TO SEND ANOTHER TEAM DOWN FROM SEATTLE TO DO IT FOR US.

THIS IS OUR MESS, AND WE HAVE A LOT INVESTED HERE, SO I'D MUCH RATHER *WE* CLEAN IT UP.

MESS?!

SHE ALMOST *KILLED ME,* ELINORE! THIS IS INSANE. NONE OF US SIGNED UP FOR *THIS!*

YES YOU DAMN WELL *DID,* RITA!

WE *ALL* KNEW THIS DAY MIGHT COME. IT WAS ALL PART OF *THE GREATER PROJECT.*

YEAH, ELINORE, BUT THAT WAS OVER A DECADE AGO. THINGS HAVE CHANGED. THESE ARE *OUR FAMILIES* WE'RE TALKING ABOUT NOW.

OH PLEASE, STEVEN! YOU REALLY CALL WHAT *YOU* HAVE A *FAMILY?*

HOW *DARE* YOU! YOU KNOW THAT THIS WAS NEVER SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN! NOT *LIKE THIS...*NOT *ALL AT ONCE!*

YOU TOLD US THEY WOULD BE *FINE.* THAT EVERYTHING WOULD BE *NORMAL!*

IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HELP THOSE KIDS, THEN I'LL CALL SOMEONE WHO CAN. MAYBE IT'S TIME WE *DID* INVOLVE THE POLICE--

BLAM

ELINORE!

YOU MONSTER!

OH *PLEASE,* SLADE. I EXPECT THIS SENTIMENTAL NONSENSE FROM RITA, BUT NOT *YOU.*

WE CANNOT AFFORD TO HAVE ANOTHER *WILL MARKOV* ON OUR HANDS. NOT NOW. NOT WHEN THINGS ARE HAPPENING SO QUICKLY.

THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR. *I'M DONE!*

DON'T BE SUCH A HYPOCRITE! THERE'S MORE BLOOD ON *YOUR* HANDS THAN ANYONE HERE, DON'T FORGET...

I KNOW WHAT THEY *CALLED YOU* BEFORE I RECRUITED YOU. AND I KNOW *WHY.*

YOU CAN PRETEND TO BE THE GOOD "FATHER" ALL YOU WANT. BUT UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR SON TO KNOW WHAT *YOU WERE,* YOU'LL HELP ME CLEAN THIS MESS UP, THE *RIGHT WAY.*

SO, I SUGGEST YOU SUIT UP... *DEATHSTROKE.*

...

HOW DO I TRACK THEM? THEY COULD BE ANYWHERE.

THEY'LL BE AT *THE CRASH SITE.*

AND HOW DO YOU KNOW *THAT?*

I HAVE *OTHER PIECES* ALREADY IN PLAY, SLADE. DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF.

IT'S PROBABLY BEST IF YOU FOCUS ON WHAT YOU'RE *GOOD AT.*

BUT ELINORE, NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY *SENSE.* WHY IS THIS HAPPENING *NOW?* ALL OF THEM AT ONCE?

SHE'S DOING IT. I DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY, BUT SHE'S *TRIGGERING* THEM. YOU *KNOW* HOW POWERFUL SHE IS, RITA.

WE'RE HEADING BACK TO *THE LAB* NOW TO *STOP* IT...

"...THERE IS NO TELLING WHAT SHE MIGHT DO ONCE SHE GETS HER *HOOKS* INTO THEM."

IT WAS HERE. I SAW *THIS PLACE.* THERE WAS A SATELLITE OR SOMETHING. IT WAS RIGHT HERE.

I DON'T THINK IT WAS A SATELLITE.

OUR PARENTS ARE INVOLVED. I *SAW* THEM. MY MOM AND DAD, DR. STONE...

STEVE, TOO... MY ADOPTIVE FATHER.

WAIT, I KNOW YOUR DAD. HE LIVES IN THAT HUGE HOUSE ON THE COAST. ISN'T HE SOME BIG PHARMACEUTICAL GUY? MAYBE THAT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! YOU THINK THEY'RE DRUGGING US, OR SOMETHING?! STEVE WOULD *NEVER--!*

RICH KID, *YOU* DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

HELL, MY MOM WOULD DO *ANYTHING* TO GET RID OF ME.

--GAH! THIS IS SO MESSED UP!

WHAT THE HELL ARE WE GOING TO DO...?

VIC, I--I WRECKED MY HOUSE!

YOUR HOUSE? YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR HOUSE?!

LOOK AT ME, TARA!

LAST TIME I CHECKED, YOU WEREN'T TURNING INTO A MONSTER!

I DIDN'T MEAN--

JUST-- JUST GIVE ME SOME SPACE.

VIC...LOOK, MAN. MAYBE IT'S JUST TEMPORARY. I MEAN, LOOK AT ME. I'M ALMOST NORMAL AGAIN...

STILL GREEN, ADMITTEDLY.

BUT I'M NOT! I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS STUFF. WHAT IF IT COVERS MY FACE?

WHAT IF I CAN'T BREATHE?!

STOP IT!

...JUST STOP. WE'LL FIGURE THIS OUT.

WHAT'S YOUR DEAL? NO METAL PARTS? CAT EARS?

NO. NOTHING. I SAW THE SAME THING YOU ALL DID, BUT...

AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, I'M STILL TOTALLY NORMAL.

LUCKY YOU.

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE REST OF YOU, BUT WHEN EVERY-THING WENT CRAZY, I THINK I SAW THE *LIGHTHOUSE,* TOO.

THAT'S NEAR HANLAN'S POINT.

YEAH. I KNOW IT.

UM... MAYBE IF YOUR PARENTS ARE ALL INVOLVED, WE SHOULD START THERE?

I MEAN, I ALSO SAW IT ALL. ***DR. STONE*** WAS CLEARLY IN CHARGE. I THINK WE CAN TRUST HER.

VIC, I THINK YOUR MOM COULD ***HELP*** US.

KID, DON'T THINK JUST BECAUSE YOU GOT TO PLAY ***JUNIOR SCIENTIST*** WITH HER ALL SUMMER--

--THAT YOU KNOW A ***DAMN THING*** ABOUT MY MOM!

F-FINE. ***SORRY...*** I JUST--I DON'T THINK RUNNING IS THE ANSWER.

I DON'T CARE ***WHAT*** YOU THINK! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY ***YOU'RE HERE!*** GARFIELD IS RIGHT. LET'S CHECK OUT THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

UM... IT'S JUST GAR.

WHAT-EVER.

I'M SORRY, BUT YOU KIDS AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE.

WHA--?

I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANY OF YOU...BUT IF I HAVE TO, *I WILL.*

SO, STAND DOWN. *NOW.*

...DAD?

DAD?! THIS GUY IS YOUR DAD?!

I KNOW YOU KIDS ARE SCARED...

BUT YOU NEED TO STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND COME WITH ME BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS KILLED.

WHAT THE HELL, MAN?! WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH YOU--!

SNAP

AH!

SON, YOU NEED TO CALM DOWN.

LET GO OF ME!

I--I DIDN'T MEAN TO--

WHOA!

DAD?

DAD... ARE YOU OKAY?

JOE, I'M *SORRY.* I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO EVER BECOME A PART OF THIS...

I *KNOW* YOU! I SAW YOU...WITH MY *MOM. JUST BEFORE* MY DAD LEFT!

GIRL... YOU NEED TO CALM DOWN.

DON'T CALL ME "GIRL," *OLD MAN!*

IF YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS...

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. YOUR FATHER WAS NOT THE MAN YOU THOUGHT HE WAS.

YOU KIDS HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, WHAT WE DID, WE DID TO *PROTECT YOU.*

LIAR!

SHOOT!

STOP IT.

NOW.

KRAK

GFRRRRR

DON'T YOU TOUCH HER!

--UNGH!

DAD!

STOP!

VICTOR, PLEASE DON'T--

KLANG

SHUT THE HELL UP!

KRAK

UNGH!

I'M SORRY, SON. I WARNED YOU...

AARRRRGH
10101010010

VIC!

IF YOU WOULD ALL JUST *STOP*, MAYBE I CAN HELP.

THIS *WASN'T* SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN.

BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO FIGURE IT OUT--

STAY *AWAY* FROM ME!

LISTEN, MAYBE WE SHOULD GO WITH HIM.

NO *WAY*, MAN...

YOUR DAD IS A TOTAL *PSYCHO*. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITH HIM!

STEVE MAY NOT BE MY REAL DAD, BUT HE'D NEVER HURT US...NOT LIKE *THIS* GUY!

"STEVE WOULD NEVER LIE TO ME!"

I MUST ADMIT, I'VE MISSED YOUR ASTUTE MIND, RITA...

I MEAN, OUR NEW RECRUITS ARE ALL EXCELLENT--

BUT NONE OF THEM COMPARE TO OUR ORIGINAL STARLABS TEAM.

STILL, WE'VE *PROGRESSED SO MUCH* SINCE YOU WERE WITH US.

DR. STONE! THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE. SOMETHING'S *WRONG!*

WHAT?! WHAT *IS* IT?

HER EEG IS READING OFF THE CHARTS. WE CAN'T SEEM TO CALM HER DOWN!

DID YOU TRY INCREASING HER DOSAGE?

I'M *ALREADY* PUSHING THE DOSAGES TO THE *NEEDLE.* THEY'RE NOT SLOWING HER DOWN!

WE'VE NEVER SEEN HER DO ANYTHING LIKE *THIS!*

UNBELIEVABLE...

LOOK AT HER *EYES!*

UP THE *KETAMINE* BY TEN MILLIGRAMS AND THE *PERPHENAZINE* BY TWELVE.

HORSE TRANQUILIZERS? *SCHIZOPHRENIA* MEDICATION?! AND THOSE *DOSAGES!*

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU *THINKING?!* SHE'S--

SHE CAN HANDLE IT, RITA. *TRUST ME.*

SHE'S *SO MUCH* MORE THAN WE EVER COULD HAVE HOPED FOR.

BUT WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO CONTROL HER UNTIL NOW. I--I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THIS IS HAPPENING ALL OF A SUDDEN.

ELINORE, *THINK.* IT'S BEEN *SIXTEEN YEARS* SINCE THE SHIP CRASHED. SHE WAS AN *INFANT* THEN...

ARE... ARE YOU SAYING--

...SHE'S *HITTING PUBERTY?*

AM STARFIRE...

...NEED HELP.

RAVEN?

RAVEN!

J--JUST HOLD ON, GRANDDAUGHTER... *HOLD* ON!

TARA, ARE YOU *NUTS?*

NO-- I'M GOING TO *KICK* THIS OLD MAN'S *ASS!*

YOU'RE ALL DANGEROUS. *ESPECIALLY YOU,* MARKOV. IF I HAVE TO, I'LL PUT YOU DOWN.

JUST SHUT UP!

FWOOM

TAR--
UNGH!

DID--DID YOU *DO* IT?

DID YOU *KILL* MY FATHER?

DON'T YOU *GET* IT?!

HE *WASN'T* YOUR FATHER! *NONE OF US ARE!*

AND NOW... NOW *I* HAVE TO CLEAN IT UP.

ZOTHU JCTTT NGSTAH
THE SPIRIT HAS YOU NOW, GIRL. BUT DO NOT BE SCARED. COURAGE IS ITS DOORWAY.
LET MY BLOOD GUIDE YOU.
FEEL IT IN YOU, RAVEN. THE OLD WAYS. THE NAVAJO WAY.
LET IT CLEANSE YOU.
HCNS ZI NEED HELP.
I--I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU, GRANDDAUGHTER.
NOT ME... THEY NEED HELP.
...
THEN IT IS TIME. YOU NEED TO HELP THEM.

H-HOW?

YOU ALREADY KNOW.

YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WHAT YOU ARE. YOU'RE A BIRD. A **BEAUTIFUL RAVEN.**

SO GO TO THEM, GIRL...

"FLY TO THEM."

--THE HELL?

GET YOUR HANDS OFF HER.

--AK!

I--

DID--DID THAT JUST HAPPEN?!

WAS--WAS THAT *HER?* WAS THAT *STARFIRE?*

I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T THINK SO.

THAT'S *NOT* THE GIRL I SAW IN MY HEAD.

ME NEITHER.

WELL THEN, WHO *WAS* SHE?!

IS HE--?

NO. HE'S ALIVE. *WHATEVER* SHE DID, IT DIDN'T KILL HIM.

WHAT HE SAID-- ABOUT OUR PARENTS...

WHAT DO *YOU* CARE?! *YOU* ALREADY *KNEW* STEVE WASN'T YOUR DAD!

JUST BECAUSE I'M *ADOPTED* DOESN'T MEAN STEVE *ISN'T MY DAD!*

STOP IT!

IT DOESN'T *MATTER* ANYMORE!

I--I ALWAYS KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY-- WITH *RITA.*

I MEAN, SHE TOLD ME TONIGHT... SHE TOLD ME SHE *NEVER LOVED ME.*

WHATEVER IS GOING ON, *THOSE ARE NOT OUR PARENTS!*

SO...NOW WHAT?

THE LIGHTHOUSE. WE SHOULD GO TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.

YEAH. SHE'S THERE. STARFIRE. SHE'S GOT TO BE.

AND...I MEAN... DON'T YOU GUYS WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH?

ARE YOU *INSANE?!* I WANT NOTHING MORE TO *DO* WITH THIS! I'M *DONE.*

BUT THAT GUY HAD SOMETHING THAT MESSED WITH THE METAL.

IF THEY CAN CONTROL IT, MAYBE THEY CAN *STOP* THIS.

GET IT *OUT OF ME.*

OR MAYBE THEY'LL JUST *KILL YOU.*

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET THE HELL *OUT* OF THIS CRAPPY TOWN AND *NEVER LOOK BACK.*

TARA, ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO JUST *RUN AWAY* FROM THIS? FROM *ME?!*

LET *GO--!*

LOOK AT ME, TARA...

LOOK AT ME!

I--I CAN'T DO THIS WITHOUT YOU.

GASP

RAVEN?

I--I *LEFT* THIS PLACE. I WENT--

SHHH...

YOU'RE HERE, NOW...

I'VE GOT YOU.

--I...I CAN'T STOP IT.

WHATEVER STARFIRE'S DOING...WHATEVER'S ***HAPPENING*** TO HER, I CAN'T STOP IT.

IT'S A SHAME WE HAVE TO LOSE HER LIKE THIS.

LOSE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MR. CLAY?

YOU CAN NO LONGER CONTROL HER, ELINORE, AND SHE IS ***FAR*** TOO DANGEROUS TO LET OUT IN THE OPEN. OUR EMPLOYER WILL NOT ***ALLOW*** HER TO GET OUT.

IT WOULD JEOPARDIZE EVERYTHING HERE AT STARLABS AND THE OTHER FACILITIES.

THIS IS ***MY*** PROJECT, JOSHUA! HOW ***DARE*** YOU COME IN HERE AND--

SHE WAS NEVER ***YOURS,*** ELINORE. YOU KNOW THAT.

I'M AFRAID THE DECISION HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE.

YOU HAVE AN HOUR TO FIX THIS AND SHOW YOU CAN CONTROL HER, OR WE TERMINATE.

JOSHUA, YOU CAN'T ***MAKE*** THAT CALL!

NO. BUT OUR *MUTUAL EMPLOYER* CAN. AND HE GAVE THE WORD. IT'S *ALREADY DONE*, DR. STONE. THE *FAILSAFE* HAS BEEN INITIATED.

IF HER EEG AND VITALS ARE NOT DOWN TO ACCEPTABLE LEVELS WITHIN THE HOUR, *THE SOLUTION* WILL AUTOMATICALLY BE ADMINISTERED INTO HER BLOODSTREAM.

IT'S TIME TO CLEAR OUT THE FACILITY.

I--I'M SORRY, ELINORE. THEY MADE ME.

59:13

SHUT IT DOWN! *STOP IT!*

I CAN'T. ONLY MR. CLAY KNOWS THE PASS-CODE. THE CELL IS IN LOCKDOWN AND THE COUNTDOWN CAN'T BE OVER-WRITTEN.

THAT SON OF A *BITCH!* HE WON'T! HE *CAN'T!* STARFIRE IS TOO IMPORTANT!

IT *WOULD* BE A SHAME, BUT WE'VE ALREADY GAINED *SO MUCH* FROM HER.

AND AFTER ALL... WE STILL HAVE *THE BLACKFIRE PROJECT.*

ELINORE...

I'M SORRY. BUT MAYBE HE'S RIGHT. MAYBE IT'S TIME WE JUST WIPED ALL THIS OUT. BEFORE IT COMES BACK TO HAUNT US ANY MORE THAN IT HAS--

SHUT THE HELL UP, YOU DRUNK *BITCH!*

--AK!

YOU HAVE NO *IDEA* WHAT YOU'RE EVEN *TALKING* ABOUT! YOU WERE *ALWAYS* TOO WEAK FOR THIS.

IT'S WHY I GAVE YOU *BABYSITTING DUTY*, RITA. AND YOU EVEN SCREWED *THAT* UP.

NOW GET OUT OF MY WAY AND LET ME *THINK.*

I HAVE WORK TO DO...

54:54

THIS IS IT.

REALLY? YOU THINK?

WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP, GARFIELD.

HEY LOOK, THE TOASTER CAN TALK!

KNOCK IT OFF.

SMACK

LOCKED?

YEAH.

YEAH... MAYBE I CAN-- I DON'T KNOW, MAKE A LITTLE EARTHQUAKE AND--

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LAY OFF THE EARTHQUAKES FOR A BIT, TAR. YOU ALMOST TOOK MY HEAD OFF LAST TIME.

OKAY. SO WHAT DO WE--

--DO?

KREEENCH

WHOA.

THIS IS *INSANE.*

HOW FAR DOWN DOES IT *GO?*

UUUHH... ANYONE GOT A FLASHLIGHT?

WHAT, ARE YOU GUYS SCARED OF THE DARK?

JOEY, YOU SURE YOU WANT TO COME DOWN HERE? MIGHT BE DANGEROUS. AND YOU DON'T HAVE, YOU KNOW, POWERS...OR WHATEVER THESE ARE.

I'VE SEEN THE VISIONS TOO, GAR. I WANT TO SEE THIS THROUGH.

HOW COULD SOMEONE EVEN HAVE ***BUILT*** ALL OF THIS?! DOES IT GO UNDER THE WATER?

NO, THIS IS THE OTHER WAY, BACK TOWARDS--

--NNNG!

[illegible]

YOU GUYS HEARD THAT, RIGHT?

YES. IT WAS LOUDER THAN BEFORE. IT-- IT HURT.

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE. SHE'S CLOSE.

COME ON. I DON'T WANT TO STICK AROUND DOWN HERE.

SO, UH, JOEY, WAS YOUR DAD LIKE SOME CRAZY NAVY SEAL BLACK-OPS GUY, OR SOMETHING?

NO! HE WAS A TOOL AND DIE MAKER. DO YOU GUYS THINK HE'S OKAY? I MEAN THAT GIRL, WHAT SHE DID...

YOUR "DAD" IS A MURDERER! I HOPE HE'S DEAD.

ARE YOU *KIDDING ME,* TARA?

NO MATTER *WHAT* HE DID, THAT GUY STILL *RAISED* HIM!

NOT *ALL* OF US HATE OUR PARENTS--

OH, THAT'S JUST *SO SWEET,* GARFIELD. REALLY. IT'S TRULY HEART-WARMING.

WOULD YOU GUYS *COOL* IT?

LOOK...

INCUBATION LAB 1
THE TITANS PROJE

I--I DON'T THINK THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, YOU GUYS.

THERE'S NO TELLING *WHAT* COULD BE IN THERE. MAYBE WE SHOULD--

NO! STARFIRE'S IN THERE-- WE NEED ANSWERS!

BOOM

GUYS, I THINK I KNOW THIS PLACE.

YEAH, TOTAL DÉJÀ VU...

ME-- ME, TOO.

I DON'T LIKE THIS. I THINK COMING DOWN HERE *WAS* A REALLY BAD IDEA.

VIC, TARA... LOOK!

WHOA!

CHECK IT OUT!

QUIT MESSING AROUND.

OVER *HERE!*

SUBJECT 3
CHANGELING

VIC, I FEEL SICK...I REALLY DON'T WANT TO BE HERE--

ME TOO. THIS ALL FEELS--

--WRONG.

IT'S GETTING *WORSE*. I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING.

29:

DR. STONE!

WHAT *NOW*?!

I'M SORRY, MA'AM...BUT IT'S SLADE. HE'S DOWN. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. BUT THEY'RE HERE... THE KIDS *ARE HERE*.

=SIGH= THEY MUST HAVE FOUND ONE OF THE AUXILIARY ENTRANCES.

MAYBE IT'S FOR THE BEST.

HOW MANY MEN DO YOU HAVE ON DUTY, STEELE?

ONLY *FOUR* OF US, MA'AM.

FOUR?!

FINE. HAVE THEM MEET ME IN THE HUB.

BUT, DR. STONE, WE NEED TO DO SOMETHING *HERE*. WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

WE'VE TRIED EVERYTHING. WHATEVER'S HAPPENING-- WE CAN'T STOP IT.

SHE SEEMS TO WANT THEM. SHE'S ***DONE*** ALL OF THIS TO THEM. SOMEHOW TRIGGERED THEIR LATENT DNA GRAFTS ***WAY SOONER*** THAN THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN.

I'M OUT OF IDEAS. I DON'T KNOW--***MAYBE THEY CAN HELP.***

28:02

WHAT?!

HELP US? THEY ***HATE*** US, ELINORE!

AND YOU ***SAW*** WHAT THEY CAN DO!

HOW STUPID DO YOU THINK I AM, RITA?

SLADE WASN'T MY ***ONLY*** SAFE-GUARD...

"...THE CHILDREN WILL BE *CONTROLLED.*"

"TERRA"? IS--IS THAT *ME?*

SUBJECT 1
TERRA

SUBJECT 2
CYBORG

...*"CYBORG"?*

CYBORG?!

SLAM

WHAT THE HELL DID THEY DO TO US DOWN HERE!?

GUYS!

OH MY GOD!

IS *THAT* STARFIRE?

IT CAN'T BE. THIS IS A GUY... I THINK.

IS HE EVEN ALIVE?

HE'S BREATHING, LOOK!

UM, GUYS--

--UH OH!

I DON'T THINK WE'RE ALONE.

LOOK AT YOU, VICTOR. YOU ARE ***SIMPLY AMAZING!*** ALL OF YOU. I'M ***SO PROUD*** OF WHAT YOU'VE ALL BECOME.

I'M SORRY THINGS HAD TO HAPPEN LIKE THEY DID...BUT YOU'RE ***HOME*** NOW. WELCOME TO ***STARLABS.***

YOU TELL US! ***TELL US WHAT WE ARE!***

VICTOR--

DR. STONE?!

STAND DOWN, TRAINOR. I HAVE THIS.

MOM... PLEASE...

WHEN WE FOUND HER... WHEN THE SHIP CRASHED HERE, WE KNEW WE COULD *USE* HER.

WE KNEW HER AMAZING ALIEN PHYSIOLOGY HELD SO MANY SECRETS JUST *WAITING* TO BE UNLOCKED.

UNFORTUNATELY, ALL OUR EARLY ATTEMPTS AT GRAFTING HER DNA TO A HUMAN SUBJECT FAILED MISERABLY.

THEN IT STRUCK ME--THEY WERE *TOO OLD*. THE SUBJECTS NEEDED TO BE YOUNG, LIKE HER...

I NEEDED *YOU*.

DID SHE JUST SAY *ALIEN?!*

THEN WHERE DID *WE* COME FROM?

WHERE THE HELL DID WE COME FROM?!

WHOOSH

STOP THAT!

THOK

DON'T YOU TOUCH HER!

VICTOR! ALL OF YOU...

...YOU CHILDREN ARE BEING RIDICULOUS!

CONTROL YOURSELVES. *NOW.*

DON'T YOU SEE? YOU WOULD HAVE HAD ***HORRIBLE*** LIVES. NONE OF YOU HAD ***ANYONE.*** NO PARENTS. NO FAMILIES.

YOU WOULD HAVE GROWN UP IN FOSTER HOMES, POVERTY, GOD KNOWS WHAT ELSE.

BUT ***I*** MADE YOU ***SOMETHING SPECIAL.***

SPECIAL?! ***LOOK*** AT ME, MOM! ***LOOK WHAT YOU DID TO ME!*** HOW CAN YOU ***LIVE*** WITH YOURSELF?

I CAN LIVE AND DIE KNOWING THAT THE WORK I'VE DONE IS THE SINGLE GREATEST LEAP FOR MANKIND SINCE ***FIRE.***

I'M SO ***DISAPPOINTED*** IN YOU, VICTOR. ALL I WANTED WAS FOR YOU TO BE ***EXTRAORDINARY.*** YET ALL YOU EVER WANT TO BE IS NORMAL... ***AVERAGE.***

BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE. ***SHE'S*** HERE, BUT SHE'S IN TROUBLE, AND SHE NEEDS YOUR ***HELP.***

STEVE?

DIDN'T YOU ***MORONS*** THINK TO ***MOVE*** THAT THING?!

STEVE!

RAAAAARRR!

UNGH!

--KILL YOU!

GET OFF!

KRRUNCH

IMAGEENN4

IMPRESSIVE. BUT I'M SORRY. I JUST CAN'T LET THIS GO ON.

YOU SEE, YOU WERE ALWAYS EXPENDABLE.

SHE IS THE REAL PRIZE... THE WELL.

GET THIS STUFF OUT OF ME, OR SO HELP ME I WILL KILL YOU!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THERE IS NO "GETTING IT OUT," VICTOR. IT'S A PART OF YOU.

YOU--YOU WERE THE MOST SPECIAL OF ALL. WE DIDN'T JUST USE THE INFANT, YOU SEE.

THE SHIP, THE SPACECRAFT, --UNGH--IT WAS MADE OF THE MOST AMAZING MATERIAL...KK LIVING METAL.

HOW COULD YOU--

J-JOSEPH...

:KK:

IT'S TIME...

JOEY?

NOT JOEY... JERICHO.

WHA--?

CONTACT.

--NGGG!
G-GET OUT!

IT'S--IT'S NOT ME... IT'S JOEY. RUN!

WHAT THE--?!

V-VIC?!

IT'S JOEY-- LIKE HE'S IN CONTROL--

STOP IT, VIC!

NO, GAR, GET AWAY--!

--WHA--?!

NO NO NO!
PLEASE, JOEY--
I TOLD YOU ALL, JOSEPH WAS GIFTED. MY PROTÉGÉ... MY SPECIAL STUDENT.
HE KNOWS THINGS ABOUT YOUR ABILITIES YOU HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO GLEAN YET!
AND UNLIKE YOU... HE UNDERSTANDS THE IMPORTANCE OF OUR WORK HERE. HE CAN SEE THE GREATER GOOD!
I-I'M SORRY, VIC!
KLANG

GET OUT OF HIM, JOEY!

OH CRAP--

VIC, HE'S GOT TARA!

AHH!

SKRUNK!

S-STOP!

I CAN'T!

...PLEASE... HURTS...

JOSEPH! LOOK OUT!

WHA--?!

UNGH!

?!

THAT IS ENOUGH, JOEY...

...IT'S OVER.

DON'T TRY IT. I LEARNED THAT TRICK ON YOUR TENTH BIRTHDAY, REMEMBER?

ELINORE!

WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY BOY?!

I--I LET HIM BE WHAT HE WAS ***DESTINED*** TO BE, SLADE.

I ALLOWED HIM TO SEE THE GREAT WORK WE WERE DOING, AND HOW HE COULD BE A PART OF IT!

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO ***HELP*** HIM! BUT YOU-- YOU ***BRAINWASHED*** HIM. YOU ***MONSTER!***

BRAIN-WASH? ***HA.***

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW EASY IT WAS TO CONVINCE JOSEPH TO ***HELP ME,*** SLADE.

HE COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE CHANCE. DON'T YOU SEE...?

HE IS A ***REMARKABLE BOY,*** AND YOU ARE JUST AN ***ORDINARY MAN.*** HE NEVER ***REALLY*** LOVED YOU!

WHA--

bleep

AAARRGGH!

CONTACT.

JOEY... NO!

OH CRAP!

--UNGH--

SON, P-PLEASE--

STOP...

--JOEY-- PLEASE...

GET OUT!

--UNGH!

=KKKT=

J-JOEY!?

=KKCT=

I DIDN'T-- WHEN HE LET GO, MY MOMENTUM--

LET ME HELP, SLADE.

LOOK AT ME, JOEY... LOOK AT ME, SON...

...TAKE IT. TAKE MY BODY.

TAKE IT!

UNF!

ARRGH!

STARFIRE! SHE'S DOWN HERE!

01-19

01-19

01-19

NO! NO!

VICTOR! IT'S NOT TOO LATE, SON. I CAN STOP IT... GET THE METAL OUT OF YOU. IF YOU *HELP ME.*

SEE, I'VE LISTENED TO YOU ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN YOU'RE LYING...

...MOM.

CRACK

AARRGH!

OH GOD...

IT'S... IT'S *HER!*

AM...

STARFIRE...

NEED...

HELP...

YOU HAVE TO GET HER OUT. SHE'S GOING TO *DIE!*

WHAT DO YOU *MEAN?!*

00:12

00:12

00:12

THE--THE *FAILSAFE.* WE CAN'T CONTROL HER POWER ANYMORE. SHE'S GETTING TOO STRONG. A SAFE-GUARD HAS BEEN INITIATED...

SHE'LL BE INJECTED WITH A *POISON* OF SORTS THAT WE CREATED. IT--IT WILL KILL HER.

WELL, *STOP* IT!

WE CAN'T. HER CELL WENT INTO TOTAL LOCKDOWN WHEN IT WAS INITIATED.

THERE'S NO WAY IN AND WE CAN'T OVER-RIDE IT.

VIC?!

SON, YOU CAN DO THIS--

SHUT UP. AND NEVER CALL ME THAT AGAIN. I'M NOT DOING THIS FOR YOU...

...I'M DOING IT FOR *HER.*

THOOM

00:07

WHAM

L-LET

ME

HELP--

00:03

GET BACK!

RUMBLE

KRAKK

WHAT DO WE--

JUST GET THEM OFF OF HER!

WE'VE GOT YOU.

OH... THANK GOD. THANK GOD.

STONE... BAD...

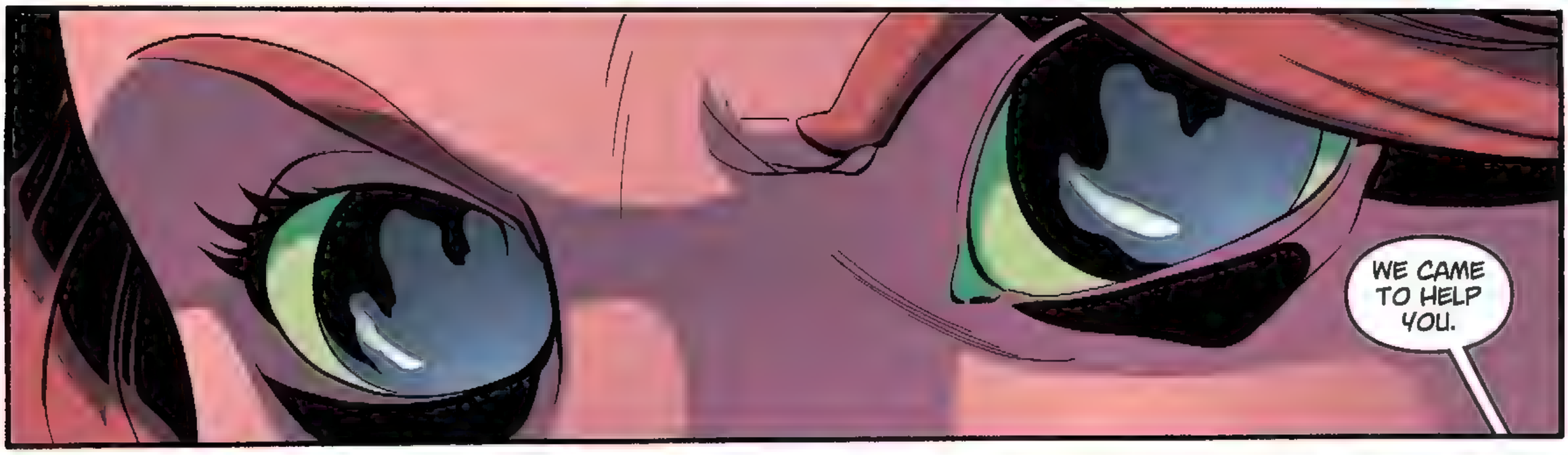
I-I'M SO SORRY...

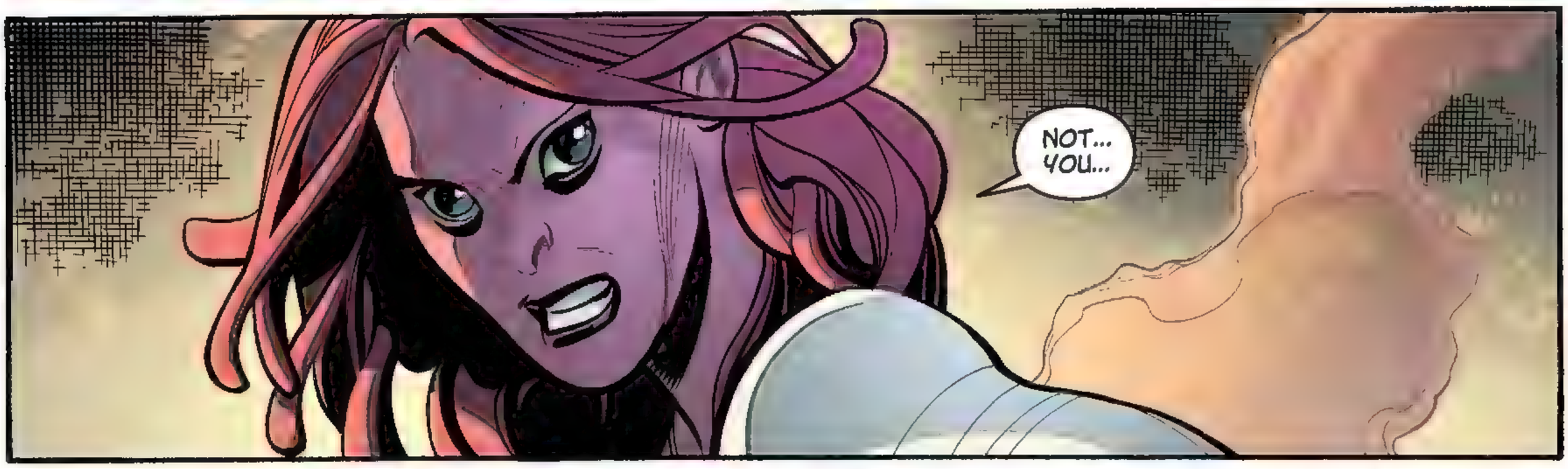
STONE... BAD...

PLEASE...

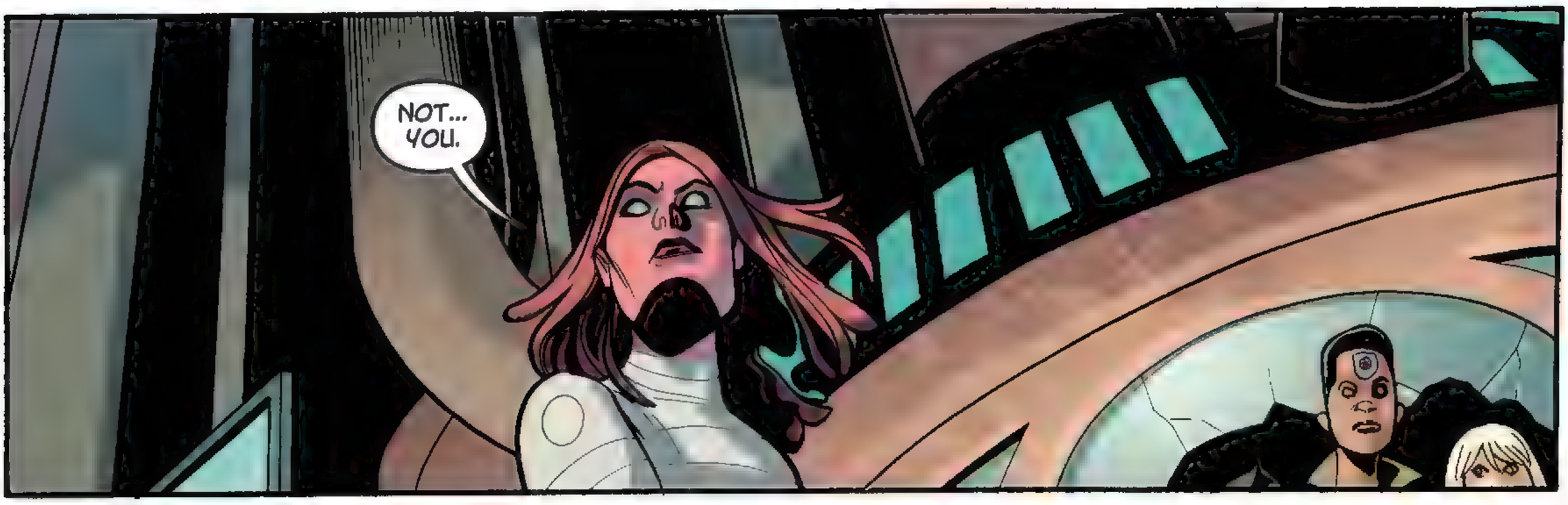
SKREEEEEEEEEE

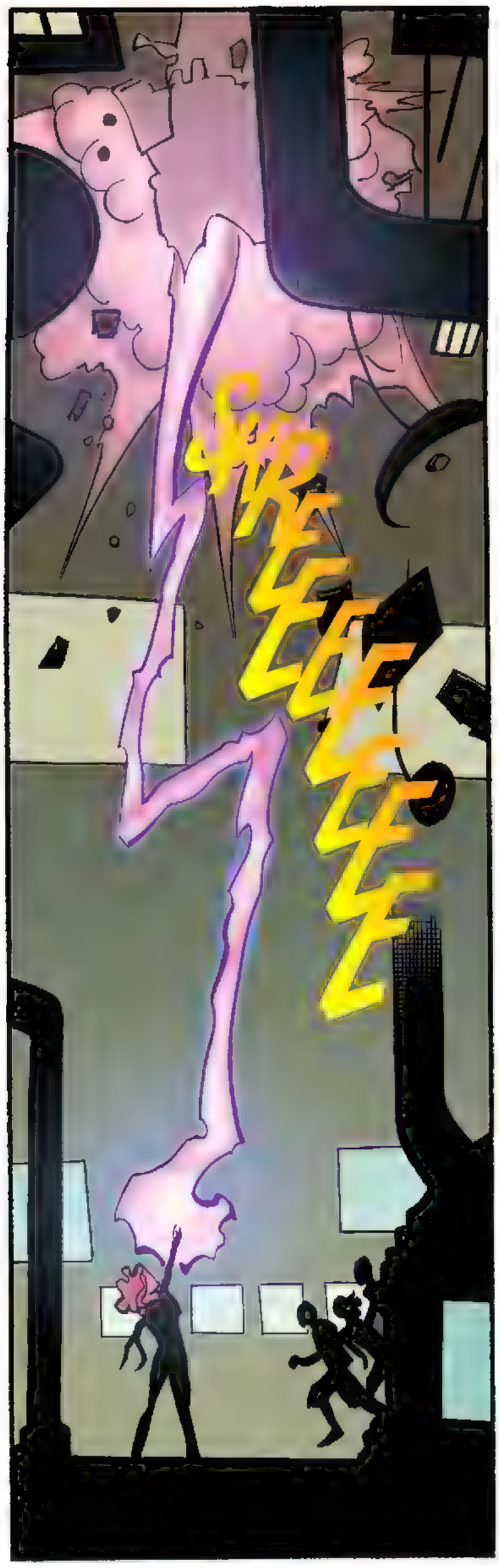
WE--WE CAME...

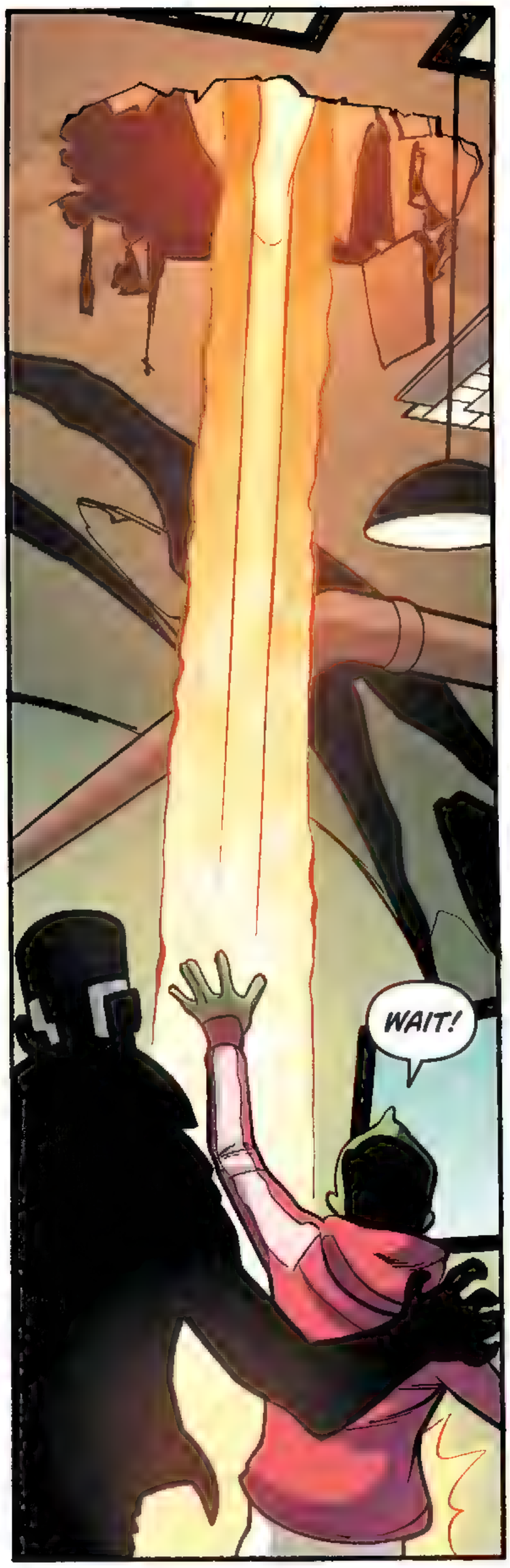

WE CAME TO HELP YOU.


NOT... YOU...

WHAT DOES SHE MEAN?
I DON'T--


NOT... YOU.


FFFFFFFF


WAIT!

DID SHE--
DID SHE JUST DITCH US?

SHE *USED* US!

SHE *TOTALLY* JUST *USED* US TO GET OUT OF HERE!

WAIT-- THAT CAN'T BE IT.

SHE CAN'T JUST *LEAVE US* LIKE THIS.

SHE *DID!*

SHE'S *GONE.* SHE USED US JUST LIKE THEY *ALL* DID!

OH, GOD. STEVE...

DOES RICHARD EVEN *KNOW?* HOW--HOW DO I EVEN *EXPLAIN* ANY OF THIS TO HIM?

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO *DO...?*

WE? THERE IS NO *WE,* GAR.

THIS IS OVER.

TAR, HOLD ON! GAR'S RIGHT. AND WHAT THE HELL *ARE* WE GOING TO DO? WE HAVE NO PARENTS, NO MONEY...

SO WE LEAVE. *YOU AND ME.* WE GET AS FAR AWAY FROM HERE AS WE CAN.

HOW AM *I* GOING TO GO ANYWHERE?! IF ANYONE *SEES ME,* THEY'RE JUST GOING TO LOCK ME UP AND STUDY ME.

I--I CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE. NOT LIKE THIS.

WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT. BUT WE CAN'T STAY HERE. THERE MIGHT BE MORE OF THOSE GUARDS COMING. *WHO KNOWS* WHAT ELSE.

AND THAT KID IN THE TANK. HE'S ONE OF US. WE CAN'T LEAVE *HIM,* EITHER.

EVEN IF WE *CAN* GET HIM OUT OF THERE, WHERE THE HELL DO WE *GO,* THEN!?

UTAH.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?!

WHEN I--THERE USED TO BE TALK OF ANOTHER FACILITY IN UTAH. SOMETHING CALLED ***BLACKFIRE!*** AND HER SHIP WAS HELD THERE, TOO. STARFIRE'S CRAFT.

IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT IT MAY GIVE YOU MORE ANSWERS THAN I CAN.

THE MAN WHO DID ALL OF THIS...A MAN NAMED ***CAULDER,*** HE WAS ALWAYS AT THE UTAH FACILITY.

AND WHY SHOULD ***WE*** TRUST ***YOU?***

YOU SHOULDN'T.

YOU SHOULD NEVER TRUST ANYONE AGAIN, TARA.

TAKE THIS-- TEMPEST WILL NEED IT.

"TEMPEST"?

GUYS, SOMETHING'S COMING.

WHAT?

HELICOPTERS OR SOMETHING. I CAN HEAR THEM. WE NEED TO GO.

LET'S *MOVE*, TAR!

WILL THEY--WILL THEY KILL YOU... LIKE DAD?

I...*WE ALL* DESERVE WHATEVER'S COMING TO US. BUT *YOU DON'T.*

YOU'RE INNOCENT IN ALL OF THIS. YOU ALWAYS WERE.

I JUST THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO FIND OUT WHO'S REALLY BEHIND ALL OF THIS.

THERE WERE A LOT OF DAYS SINCE WE AGREED TO TAKE YOU KIDS IN...TO COVER IT ALL UP...THAT I WANTED TO GO THERE MYSELF AND KILL THE BASTARD.

I NEVER HAD THE GUTS TO FACE THIS, TARA...

BUT *YOU* DO.

I'M SCARED. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I'M REALLY SCARED. REALLY **ALONE.**

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE BEEN SCARED BEFORE ALL OF THIS? I HAD REASON TO BE.

I NEVER KNEW MY REAL PARENTS. THEY DIED WHEN I WAS STILL TOO LITTLE TO REMEMBER THEM.

YET I'VE ALWAYS FELT **CONNECTED** TO SOMETHING.

LIKE I WAS A PART OF SOME-THING BIGGER...

BUT NOW THEY'RE GONE, AND THAT CONNECTION IS LOST. I'M **ALL ALONE.**

I HAVEN'T DREAMT IN FOUR DAYS.

NOT SINCE I SAW THEM. I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE NOW. I DON'T KNOW IF THEY'RE SAFE, IF THEY NEED HELP.

LIKE ME, THEY'RE ON THEIR OWN, NOW.

YOU OKAY, RAVEN?

FINE, GRANDPA. JUST GOING FOR A WALK.

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND. ALL THAT BUILDUP, ALL THE DREAMS, ALL THE VISIONS, AND FOR WHAT?

THEY'VE BEEN WITH ME, IN MY HEAD FOR SO LONG, AND IT WAS ALL JUST FOR A FLEETING GLIMPSE?

CAN IT REALLY HAVE BEEN JUST...RANDOM?

IS THAT IT? WON'T I EVER SEE THEM AGAIN?

IS IT OVER?

YOU?!

AM STARFIRE... NEED HELP.

END BOOK ONE

JEFF LEMIRE New York Times Bestselling author Jeff Lemire is the creator of the acclaimed graphic novels SWEET TOOTH, *Essex County, The Underwater Welder* and the sci-fi love story, TRILLIUM. His next original graphic novel will be *Roughneck* from Simon and Schuster. Jeff is also a prominent writer for DC Comics where he currently writes the monthly adventures of JUSTICE LEAGUE UNITED. He has also written the monthly adventures of ANIMAL MAN and GREEN ARROW, among many others.

In 2008 and in 2013, Jeff won the Schuster Award for Best Canadian Cartoonist. He has also received The Doug Wright Award for Best Emerging Talent and the American Library Association's prestigious Alex Award, recognizing books for adults with specific teen appeal. He has also been nominated for 8 Eisner awards, 7 Harvey Awards and 8 Shuster Awards. In 2010, *Essex County* was named as one of the five Essential Canadian Novels of the Decade by the CBC's Canada Reads.

He currently lives and works in Toronto with his wife and son.

TERRY AND RACHEL DODSON In 1993, Oregon-based Terry Dodson first gained industry attention with his distinctive illustrative style on *Mantra* for Malibu Comics. He next moved on to Marvel Comics where he worked on X-Men titles such as *Storm* and *Generation X,* where his wife, Rachel, began adding her masterly inking to his work. Shortly afterward, the Dodsons launched HARLEY QUINN for DC Comics with writer Karl Kesel, starring the Joker's deadly female sidekick.

The Dodsons collaborated with writer Mark Millar on the year-long blockbuster Marvel Knights *Spider-Man*, and then with writer/ filmmaker Kevin Smith on *Spider-Man and the Black Cat*. They returned to DC Comics to help re-launch WONDER WOMAN, working alongside noted writers Allan Heinberg, Gail Simone and Jodi Picoult.

Currently the Dodsons are splitting their time between working on company-owned universes and establishing new worlds of their own with creator owned projects such as *Songes*, *Red One* and more to come.

BRAD ANDERSON, a native of Kenora, Ontario, Canada, began his comic career after attending the Joe Kubert school in 1996. Shortly after returning to Canada, he began coloring comics at Digital Chameleon, where he cut his teeth on some of the top characters in the business. After leaving as Art Director, he began working independently on a long stint with Dark Horse on *Star Wars: Legacy*, as well as CATWOMAN, BATMAN: EARTH ONE, and many other series at DC.

Brad currently resides in Winnipeg, Canada, with his wife Kim and two children.

OK C.O.M.P.U.T.O.
novus
Distributions